



ALFRED H. BERRY,]

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

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POETRY.

The Maid of Monterey.

The moon was shining brightly
Upon the battle-plain;
The gentle breeze fanned lightly
The features of the slain.
The guns had hushed their thunder,
The drums in silence lay,
When came a Senorita,
The Maid of Monterey.

She cast a look of anguish
On dying and on dead;
Her lap she made a pillow,
For those who groined and bled.
And when the dying soldier
For one bright gleam did pray,
He blessed the Senorita,
The Maid of Monterey.

She gave the thirsty water
And dressed the bleeding wound;
And gentle prayers she uttered,
For those who sighed around.
And when the bugle sounded,
Just at the break of day,
We blessed the Senorita,
The Maid of Monterey.

And though she loved her nation,
And prayed that it might live;
Yet for the dying foeman,
She had a tear to give.
Then we'll love that bright beauty
Who drove death's pang away,
The meek-eyed Senorita,
The Maid of Monterey.

A Locomotive Museum is now in course of preparation and will be ready to start on its travels early in May. It is to be called "Bar-num's American Museum," and will comprise a complete Menagerie of living animals, a large collection of wax statuary on the plan of Madame Tassaud's exhibition, a great number of miscellaneous curiosities, giants, dwarfs and all the principal features which characterize the museums of large cities. General Tom Thumb, the original, accompanies the establishment.

The travelling paraphernalia is of the most costly and gorgeous description. The exhibition will be given under an immense variegated pavilion. The whole will be produced on a more extensive scale than any travelling exhibition in the world. Mr. S. B. Jones, the famous wild beast hunter, and several other agents are now in various parts of the globe in search of novelties for their exhibition, which will be added as fast as they arrive in the country. Some half a million dollars are to be invested in the mammoth enterprise.—N. Y. Mirror.

"Ephraim, this baby's legs are monstrous fat, ain't they?" "What temperament do you think the child has?" "Rather heavy Simon, decidedly of the limb-fat-ic." "Well, I guess so, too."

An Adventure in Yucatan.

BY TOM CONOVER.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER SECOND.

It depends somewhat upon the question of the roughness or smoothness of the road over which we have travelled, whether retrospection be a pleasant process. But if we have been both soundly jolted over stones and through ruts, and drawn pleasantly along over smooth roads and through fresh green meadows, I hold the true philosophy to be to dwell on the latter passages; and if we recur to the former at all, let it be only to heighten by contrast the pleasure of the recollections upon which we pause. This, I say, is the true philosophy, if we could only command our thoughts. But how vainly do we seek to banish the forms of regret which flit forever around us! How delusive the hope that we shall escape the phantoms of evil days by calling up the brighter shades of memory! Good and evil in this world are never found separate; they are necessary, we may fairly conclude, each to the existence of the other.

But moralizing will not hasten my story. We were employed on the following day until after noon in settling ourselves in our new quarters, and making arrangements for a month's sojourn. After dinner I sallied forth into the town, and as might have been expected, took my way first down the street upon which Carlota lived. It was the hour of the *siesta*, a luxury in which all indulge in this indolent climate, and the streets were entirely deserted. Silence reigned unquestioned, and one might have supposed that not a living thing was to be found in all this desert. I could hear the echo of my footsteps against the walls as I passed, and involuntarily I endeavored to walk more lightly.

The streets were like enormous ditches, bordered on each side by walls of sun-dried brick, and almost filled up. They sloped from each side to the centre, and side walls were never dreamed of by that simple people. Here and there a little path ran along the uneven ground under the walls to avoid the pools of water in the rainy season. These I followed from habit more than necessity, for the street was dry and clean. But walking in the middle of the street never did look right—to me. I was not certain of the place Carlota had pointed out (a place looks so differently by day to what it does at night) but I paused and walked more slowly when I suppose I had come to it. A high wall ran along the street for a long distance, and over it were visible the tops of orange and fig trees. A narrow road (how I longed to stop and look through its crevices) pierced it about the middle, and near the corner was a smaller door, which had no crevices. I passed on and looked down the cross-street, upon which stood a large stone house. This I was sure was the house, and I was about to turn down, when the little door opened and a boy ran out beckoning me to follow him in. I did so without a moment's hesitation, and he locked the door stealthily and took out the key.

"This way, Senor," said he, and started at a quick pace down one of the shell walks which traversed the garden in every direction. He hurried me so fast, (and I was so agitated,) that I had hardly time to notice the beauties of one of the most charming retreats I ever beheld. The grounds were not extensive, containing perhaps not more than three acres; but within that small space were crowded charms which would have beautified ten times the extent. The orange, with its bright rich foliage and smooth symmetrical branches; the fig, with its deep velvet green and crooked, though graceful limbs; the lemon, the China tree, the plantain, the catalpa, every beautiful,

majestic or rich production of the tropics; fruits never seen in our northern latitudes, and flowers not dreamed of there, were thrown into this retreat with the profusion and elegance of nature. No mathematical figures and straight lines, no stiff arrangement was there; the trees stood as they might have been planted by the winds, and their profusion of rich colors and delicious fruits fell upon the eye with a drowsy luxuriance, making one wish to lie down and be at rest. Scattered along the paths and upon the borders of the canals which wandered among them were thousands of roses, magnolias, acacias and other Southern flowers and shrubs; while from among them here and there sprang grape-vines, entwining their tendrils among the branches of the palms, China trees and plantains, and giving the appearance of being loaded with white yellow and purple grapes. The little shell-paths wound hesitating among all, and led now under a glorious orange, now by a bed of roses, anon beneath the enormous leaves of the plantain, or along the flowering edge of a murmuring rivulet! Now I had to stop to pass the foliage of a catalpa, then to put aside the festoons of grapes, and finally to push my way among the matted vines of creeping flowers.

Over all this scene of enchantment hung a veil of repose, and the air was as still as we see it on a hot summer day in the country. The silence was broken only by the humming of bees and the murmuring of the streamlets as they laved the vines which hung in the ripples, swinging lazily up and down. When I placed my foot upon a flat stone, which led across one of these, I heard the echo come back from the wall, and the boy held up his finger to enjoin caution.

I followed him in silence almost to the end of the garden, when crossing a stream and turning suddenly to the left, he pointed me to a rustic summer house, and turned back. It was such an abhor as Spenser describes in the 'Faerie Queene'.

"And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasant labour, not by art,
But of the trees' own inclination made."

Two large plantain trees stood only a few feet apart, and their foliage mingled overhead; two orange trees grew at corresponding corners, thus forming a square. Around the four sides grew large grape-vines and creepers of many kinds, trained to the branches overhead; and within the foliage was so entwined as to form an opening, and a mass of matted vines hung swinging over it for a shutter.

I drew this aside, and found myself in the presence of Carlota.

She sat half reclining in a hammock of silk cord, swung across from tree to tree, and was dressed in the usual afternoon costume of the country; a loose flowing robe of white muslin, not confined at the waist, but left loose alternately to hide and disclose the sweeping contour of her form. Her hair was arranged in heavy Madonna plaits, only confined at the end and falling loosely over her spotted neck. She wore small red morocco slippers; but when I entered one of them had fallen off and was laying on the ground; the foot from which it had fallen hanging coquettishly over the cord of the hammock, and, alas! covered by no stocking! She had large swimming black eyes, a small pouting mouth, red lips, and a clear, though somewhat brunette complexion.

"Buenos tardes, Senor," she said, at the same time throwing a fold of her robe over her blue-veined foot, not, however, until it was plain that she wished me to see it first.

"Sentares, Senor," she continued, drawing up her feet and pointing to the end of the hammock, where I was not long in seating myself.

Reaching over the side of the hammock, she took up a small wicker basket filled with oranges, figs and grapes, and presented it to me, with one of those smiles which only

a Southern coquette knows how to use. I took an orange, and we began to talk.

"How long will you be in Merida?" she asked.

"As long as I can enjoy myself," I replied, "and that promises a long visit."

She turned those large eyes upon me searchingly and asked,

"Is there any thing in Merida to interest you?"

"Oh! much!" I exclaimed; "more, much more than I had imagined."

"Until when?" she inquired quickly, still gazing at me.

"Until last night," I replied, returning the look with interest.

"At the fandango?" she pursued.

"Yes; and on the balcony, in the moonlight," I answered.

She turned the conversation almost abruptly, but in such a manner as to let me see that it cost her an effort. We talked for an hour of indifferent things, she always turning away from personal topics as soon as we had approached them nearly enough to feel that we were upon uncertain ground. I was too near her, her glances and tones were too ardent, for this to last long. I was young, impulsive, giddy-headed and full-hearted. I threw my arm round her waist, and poured out, I fear, a very incoherent medley of English, French and Spanish. She hid her face, blushing and trembling; but, as I proceeded, she timidly raised her eyes and listened quietly, making no effort to escape my arm. Indeed I could see plainly enough that she was pleased. I knew that in a minute I should press my lips to hers unresisted. I was just about to do so, when a noise behind me, like the jumping of a heavy man from the top of the wall, made me start and spring to the ground. Before I could reach the door, however, the vines were jerked aside and O'Farrell strode hastily in.

"Tom, my boy!" he exclaimed, without noticing Carlota, "you must come away from here, quick! I haven't even time to tell you why till we get into the street. Come!" he continued, dragging me almost off my feet, "this way over the wall! Quick!"

Scarcely knowing what I was about, I leaped down into the street. Jerry followed; seizing my arm he hurried me away down a small narrow street, and by a circuitous route to the Meson.

"You are young and imprudent!" he exclaimed, almost breathless, as we at last slackened our pace. "I wouldn't have you killed for all old De la Torre's wealth."

"Killed!" said I. "What do you mean?"

"Mean! Why, I mean if you had staid there fifteen minutes longer you would have been a dead man!" I saw the skulking rascal Benito talking to the same cut-throat he hired last year to shoot at me. I ranged to listen; and you can guess what I heard from what I did. You must be more careful, you are young and green."

He was right; I was green.

CHAPTER THIRD.

Time rolled on very pleasantly. The scenes were all new, and I was at precisely the age when our enjoyment is keenest. Jerry was pursuing his own schemes of pleasure in his wild way, and I was left almost alone to find what enjoyment I might. Several times I had met Carlota in the garden; but the knowledge that Benito watched us closely made our interviews short and stolen. She had told me all her history; how she had been affianced by her parents to her cousin when both were children; how time had revealed to her the dark and unlovable traits of his character; how with many tears she had made up her mind to the sacrifice; how love for the memory of her dead parents had induced her to do so. But she said she had now determined that no power should force her to it. She did not, and could not love him. I pressed her timidly to say whether she loved another, but either she was unwilling to speak,

or we were always interrupted, and I forced to make a precipitate retreat.

Things were in this state on the evening before Christmas. I still lingered on without more plainly declaring what I felt, (you see by this time that I was deeply in love,) and she was unwilling to forestall my declaration. On that night I went to the Church of the Incarnation to hear mass at midnight. Like all churches in that country it was large and entirely void of seats. Dimly lighted by the altar-candles, (the only lights in the house,) the audience kneeling or sitting promiscuously on the pavement, many opportunities and temptations were presented to attend to other things beside the services. The fair Senoras, with their mantillas drawn over their heads and across their mouths, alternately sat and knelt, repeating the responses and replying with their eyes to the cavaliers, whose devotions were at least not directed to the altar.

With a light Spanish mantle thrown over my shoulders, I stood among the kneeling throng, I confess, not over-devout. A crowd of women came rustling in. As they passed me I felt my mantle slightly pulled, and on turning saw the bright eyes of Carlota bent on me for a moment and then withdrawn.

"Aqui, Madre," she whispered to her aunt, whom she called mother, and they both knelt very near me. I stepped lightly around them and seated myself on a kind of dais which ran along the side of the church, very near to Carlota. I had not been there more than five minutes, when she looked up with one of those long, furtive looks, which are so charming from a dark, liquid eye. It was dusky where we were, but there was sufficient light for me to see a small note, pinned to the corner of her mantilla, and to that she directed me by a glance. Changing her posture, she threw the mantilla close to me; covering it with my cloak, I unrolled the note, and after a moment left the church. My lodgings were only a few steps off; so hurrying over I opened the note. It ran thus:

"My mother, father and Benito will be in the procession to-morrow at three P. M. I shall have a headache, so I cannot go; but will be at home. Santiago will bring you the key—Carlota."

I went back, caught her eye resting inquiringly on me, and slightly nodding as a token that I would be there, retired from the place.

When I got back to my lodgings, I searched for the note, for the purpose of destroying it, or reading it again, perhaps, but it was no where to be found. I hastened back to the church, supposing I might have dropped it there; but I could see nothing of it. Benito was standing near where I had sat; but he did not move, only glancing at me and withdrawing his gaze. He seldom noticed me now; indeed, never, except by one of those sinister looks which promise no good feeling. It was but a few months before the day fixed for his marriage with Carlota; and he watched his prize with a jealousy truly Spanish.

The note was not to be found. On the following day, Christmas, the procession was formed at the Church of the Incarnation, and moved for the Cathedral at three o'clock. About the same time the poor boy entered the 'Meson' and handed me a small key, to which was attached a strip of paper with these words: "Enter by the door on St. Martin's street."

I went down immediately on the marching of the procession. The streets were entirely deserted, so that I had no trouble in entering unobserved. The little postern on Saint Martin's street, opened directly in the rear of the summer-house, into which I was not long in going. In precisely the costume I have before described, she sat swinging in the hammock; beauty, grace and vivacity combined.

"All amigos mio?" she cried playfully as I entered. "You have kept me

waiting too long!" I stepped forward and seating myself at her feet, took her extended hand and kissed it.

"The hour you named is not yet past," said I.

"Well, well," she replied, running her hand through my hair. "You are here now at all events: I will not complain, since you have come."

"Did you wish to see me very much indeed?" said I.

"Can you ask?" And she gave me a look which said more plainly than any words could, that she wanted to see me alone of all the world. What could I do? I took her hand in one of mine, and placing the other round her waist, drew her gently to me.

"Do you love me, then?" I whispered.

She gazed in my face a moment, and then throwing her arm over my shoulder, abandoned herself to my caresses.

The crack of a rifle resounded through the garden, and with a wild scream she sprang from my arms and fell to the ground! I jumped from the hammock, and drawing a pistol, rushed out upon the walk. Another crack resounded among the trees, and a ball whistled by close to my head. Immediately afterward I heard footsteps hurrying away. I pursued, but as I came in sight of the gate on the Calle Real, it was closed and locked from the outside. I climbed to the top of the wall, but no one was visible on the street. The procession and high mass had assembled almost all the inhabitants of the city; as far as the eye could reach not a human being was visible.

I returned to the arbor, and found Santiago and a poor woman lifting Carlota upon a bench. The ball intended for me had entered her temple and she was dead! Her face was turned upward, and the blood was slowly dripping from the wound to the ground. Young, innocent, passionate and beautiful, her warm affections had led her to a premature and violent end!

"You had better not stay," said Santiago, as I stood gazing upon the ruin before me. "My master will be home soon, and you must not let him find you here. Juanna and I will tell him."

He was right; I could do no good by staying, and might do harm. Telling the boy to say to his master that I would call upon him on the following day and explain my connection with her death, I looked for the last time upon the lifeless form and slowly left the place.

The remainder of my story is soon told. Her uncle never knew by whose hand she had died; but the disappearance of his son led him to suspect Benito. The latter left the city immediately after the procession. He was observed to talk a moment with a Mexican, and then disappearing down a street near by, he was seen no more. Yet his own hand had not done the deed, for he was in the procession at the time and throughout the mass. The explanation I suppose to lie in the fact, that he had got information some way of the appointment; probably by finding the note which I had dropped; and having hired two assassins, purposely showed himself in the procession, in order to escape the suspicion of having murdered me, for whom the shot was intended. All efforts to arrest him were unsuccessful, probably, because they were discouraged by his friends.

We stayed in the city long enough to witness the magnificent funeral service of the Catholic Church, with what feelings, I will not stop to stay. I called to see her uncle, but I am now not surprised that he refused to see me. On the following day, we went to Sisal. Here I took shipping for La Habana, and have not been in Merida since.

THE POTATO ROT REWARD.—The reward of \$10,000, offered by the Legislature of Massachusetts, for the discovery of a cure for the potato rot, has been claimed by Mr. Joshua F. Hatch, of Dorchester. His remedy consists of ground charcoal mixed with sulphate of lime.

Sharp in Vermont.—The growers of wool in Vermont are importing into that state the full-blooded merino sheep, and have already found the great advantage of the enterprise. A Mr. Jesse Hinds, of Meriden, imported lately two ewes at an expense of \$200 each. They will yield, it is said, an average of twelve pounds of wool.

A detachment of two hundred and fifty U. S. troops with two pieces of ordnance, were kept in constant readiness at the Charlestown Navy Yard under orders from Washington, to aid the civil authorities of Boston, if called for by them, to aid in the execution of the fugitive slave law.

A Mr. Davis, of New York, proposes to build a steamship or a steamboat on a new plan, on certain conditions, which will be the fastest in the world. If he fails, he says he and his associates will forfeit the large sum of \$250,000. He says he will build a steamship, which for strength, available capacity for burden and passengers, safety, durability economy of construction, propulsion, &c., will be unequalled by any vessel afloat or building, and he will guarantee her to run a distance of one hundred miles a day further than any other vessel. He also offers to build a steamboat which will run to Albany in five hours, under the same forfeiture. He will do this for the sum of \$156,000, and give the parties who pay it, the privilege of using his discoveries and taking the vessels he may build at their cost prices.

The Philadelphia Inquirer says that a gentleman and his son who desired to go out to England in the mail steamer Africa, now at Liverpool, sent to New York to obtain berths, but they were all taken.—They then sent for places in some packet ship to sail between the middle and end of April, but every berth was engaged.

The Jennings' Estate.—As there are a number of persons in our city who claim to be heirs to this immense estate, it may be a matter of interest to them to know, that Charles Cist, of Cincinnati, is about to issue a "Jennings Pamphlet."

The following from the pamphlet will convey an idea of its contents:—

"This pamphlet will be found of great pecuniary value to all who suppose themselves to be claimants to this estate; for it will, first show to a large number that they have no possible claim to the property, and in so doing will save such individuals hundreds and perhaps thousands of dollars, which but for its publication they might spend in reaching the result it affords in their cases."

"Secondly. The whole preliminary investigation that a successful claimant would be required to make, in order to justify further outlay of time, labor, and money, is here done in his hands. A mass of information that has cost thousands of dollars, and many months in labor, is here made ready to his hands for the price of this pamphlet. CHARLES CIST."

A quaint old gent had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse. "Mr. Jones," said he to him one morning, "did you ever see a snail?"

"Certainly," said Jones.

"Then," said the old boy, "you must have met, for you could never overtake him."

There are 772 banks in existence throughout the Union. A report has been made to the Secretary of State (not yet printed) of the condition of these banks on the 1st of January, 1851. It appears that the increase in the bank note circulation, between the 1st Jan 1850 and 1851, was about twenty-three millions, or 18 per cent. The specie is one-third of the circulation, and had only increased in the same period seven per cent.

On the 25th ult., four hundred Mormons from England, arrived at St. Louis, on their way to the Salt Lakes.